BOZART

and

Contemporary Verse

Combining JAPM *and The Oracle*

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

MARCH-APRIL, 1935

Now as I pause on midnight's promontory
By the green currents of infinity,
Sudden the revelation breaks in glory—
The desperate strange splendor of To Be.

—Ernest Hartsock

Vol. VIII No. 4

B O Z A R T

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Combining JAPM and The Oracle

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

Published six times a year at Oglethorpe University, Georgia.

WIGHTMAN F. MELTON, PH.D. . . . . Editor

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY PRESS . . . . Publisher

VOL. VIII. MARCH-APRIL NO. 4

Prizes Offered

"In memory of Ernest Hartsock," donated by Cora Smith Gould—a $25.00 prize for the best poem in each issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE, to be awarded by ballot—provided elsewhere in this magazine.

Tony Wons offers a cash prize of $10.00 to the author of the poem, published in BOZART-CONTEMPORARY VERSE this year, which the editor judges to be the poem that he (Tony Wons) would like best.

Our friends, Irl R. Morse and Phillis Trullinger, of BETTER VERSE, generously offer copies of Camille Du Barry's brochure, CHALLENGE, and Georgia Boit Gierasch's OUT OF THE NIGHT as prizes for the poems they consider the best in the next few issues of BOZART—"a copy or two with each number."

Adrian Huffman, editor of AGENDA, offers a copy of ATONEMENT'S OFFERINGS to the author of the best poem in this issue of BOZART-CONTEMPORARY VERSE. He is to be the judge.

We hope to be able to announce other attractive prizes in the May-June issue.

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Entered as second class matter, November 1930, at the Post Office at Oglethope University, Ga., under the Act of Congress of Mar. 3, 1879.

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The Editor's Salon

"Not everyone can write poetry. Nevertheless, it is the opinion of many excellent teachers of language and literature that the effort to write smoothly on lofty and beautiful themes, and to select words that rime, is a valuable exercise."

This is the introductory paragraph to a story published in THE YOUTHS COMPANION, March 28th, 1915. Having written the story I am taking the liberty of retelling it—abbreviated.

One spring morning, out at old Emory College, Oxford, Ga., I suggested to a class of freshmen that each of the boys present an original poem for the semi-weekly theme. Immediately there were signs of vigorous protest on a dozen faces. Seeing this, I announced, "I expect every one of you to try to write a poem. If anyone finds that he cannot, he may hand in—along with such verses as he can write —a prose essay written in the best style he can command."

One boy in the class was evidently delighted with the idea of writing a poem. He smiled broadly, and nodded approval as vigorously as his neighbors had protested.

At the conclusion of the recitation, this boy stopped a moment at my desk and, gurgling with delight, confided, "All my life I have wanted to write a poem; I believe I can write one on most any subject."

I smiled encouragingly and suggested, "Do the best you can on some subject with which you are familiar."

Two mornings later, at the same hour, the previously self-confident youngster humbly approached my desk and begged, "Please, sir, I can't get any further with my poem unless you will help me on a minor point. Does *myself* rime with *window?*"

The COMPANION story ends here: but I may add that the boy handed in a lovely bit of free verse, in which he almost told what happen-

(Continued on Page Thirty-Eight)

VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE

POET LAUREATE OF FLORIDA

Three Trees

TO A YOUNG TREE

You are so sure of April and new green,
Of robins and the weight of ripened fruit;
Why should I tell you winter will transmute
Your glory into gnawing days and lean?

I, too, have known the urge of spring delight,
The music of the summer's magic flute,—
Alas, that loveliness should yield to blight!

TO AN OLD TREE

Now sixty times your boughs have cherished spring
And rocked young robins to their sundown sleep;
And through as many more your leaves will weep
Like crimson against the winds that wing.

What have you found, O April-loving tree,
In all this gain and loss, this give and keep,
To compensate for time's austerity?

TO A DEAD TREE

Against the sky you are arrested death.
No pulsing vine to mask your tragic end,
No kindly moss to cool the rotting bend
Of bough and twig that once knew April's breath.

To make your desolation quite complete
An empty nest no robin would commend
Is rocked by every wail the winds repeat.

FLORIDA —VIVIAN YEISER LARAMORE

Vespers

Candles of stars on the altar of night,
Incense of lilacs in the air,
Dogwoods in robes of blooming white
Are lifting a petalled prayer.

NEW YORK —LESLIE SAVAGE

White Birch Ladies

The white birch ladies stand,
Their little singingbooks in hand,
And sing soft little tunes about the sun and wind and dew...
And if you asked me if I knew
The words they sang—
Oh, I would answer you
"They all are printed plain as plain can be
In every little silver singingbook
That hangs upon a tree."

CALIFORNIA —ESTELLE THOMSON

Tercets

TAPESTRY

A moon for needle, thread of vines
Across a white hill slender pines
Weave strange and intricate designs.

DREAMS

We store our dreams because we must—
And later find them red with rust
Or little heaps of fragrant dust.

NIGHT

In shining armor silver-white,
Earth, like a medieval knight,
Holds beauty in arrested flight.

BARRIERS

For countless centuries grim wars
Have raised their heavy crimson bars
Across man's pathway to the stars.

WORDS

Sometimes, from out my mind there slips
Beyond the harbor of my lips
Words, like a fleet of white-winged ships.

OHIO —VIRGINIA EATON

Beauty

Shall I look back some far off quite day
And envy beauty I have known so well,
The young, slim loveliness whose laughter fell
Headlong into my soul and sudden lay
Quite broken—Or, shall I forget the way
The sea spreads out its whitecapped hands—the swell
Of waves pressed to the sky—the fragrant smell
Of unknown blossoms stolen by a gay
Wild wind!

Oh, I could not forget these things
Or loose my feet of vagabonding wings—
Forget the song-sweet loveliness of springs!
Forget each past immortal day that sings
Of strange philosophies to make me wise,
Of soft-green pine trees tangled in the skies!

FLORIDA —MARY ELIZABETH DEAN

They Could Not Steal Her Smile

Sweet Isabel, she plays no more
And for a weary while;
The seraphs stole her lyre away,
They tried to steal her smile.

That smile, it is a lovely thing,
The holiest gift of God,
The purest beam that ever gleamed
Upon this earthly sod.

Although her voice is long since mute,
Her soul celestial fire;
Her smile is shining through the mist
And plays a vanished lyre.

SOUTH CAROLINA —POWER BETHEA

Willows in Spring

Along the broad Potomac's northern side
The willows feel the spring almost too soon,
And dipping down their branches to the tide
They make their curtsies to the April moon.
For days and nights they scan the southern shore
For any signs of wings returning home,
And restlessly they watch the river lower—
No wonder that their green is first to come!

Though these old willows do not draw the crowd
That comes to gaze on sterile blooms more famed
But not more lovely, O let them be proud
For theirs is beauty that can not be named!
They are so strong to watch while others sleep . . .
I do not understand why they should weep.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA —PAUL H. OEHSER

Quiet Country

I shall go to a quiet country
Where wind shall never stir
When the final leaf has fallen
And the moon is a distant blur.

I shall go to a quiet country
Where sorrows are all forgot
Where the way is smooth as the river
That moves by Camelot.

I shall go to a quiet country
Where soundless breakers roar,
By my side a Dusky Stranger
I never saw before.

CALIFORNIA —LUCIA TRENT

Winter Gnaws

Now winter gnaws with sharp white teeth
  At the brown bones of the earth,
Groping for a grislier prey,
  A prize of fatter worth:

He has mauled the sunny flank of autumn
  With the hoarfrost of his paw;
He has mouthed the writhing conifers
  Like mice within his maw,

And now he crouches, sinister,
  Beneath his fleece of snow;
The icy purpose of that breast
  It takes a god to know.

He has nibbled, nibbled at the heart
  Of every living thing,
Seeking to subdue the strength
  Of love on foot or wing;

But flames there still in valiant blood
  A spirit that will splinter
The menace of those thickened thews
  And the hungry hate of winter . . .

NEW YORK —WINIFRED ADAMS BURR

Spring Snow

I could not count the swirling flakes,
My eyes are far too slow,
And I could never guess at winds
For they confuse me so.

But I can dream, in my small way;
O do not pity me,
I've tulips in the garden here
And lilacs on the tree!

COLORADO —JEANETTE SHELLEY

Heigh Ho

Come, drink the April wine of wanderlust,
All folk of restless ilk,
Who never tend the harnessed mare and plow
And use a string for silk;
When chuffy clouds are scudding neck to neck
Across a roughened sky,
Or grumpy frogs protest with mellow booms
That cannonade and die.

Oh, knot your kerchiefs round a willow stick
And tramp a crooked mile
Go East, go West or climb the wooded knoll
Beyond the broken stile.
Throw back your heads—you vagabonds and sing
And click your satyr hoofs,
For never were you born to plod or toil
Beneath the hampered roofs.

MICHIGAN —MURIEL JEFFRIES HURD

Vigil

Matins—

Blue of flashing sapphire on a lake,
Blue of tinted azure in the skies,
Blue that melts with green and gold and rose
To make of earth celestial harmonies.

Compline—

Gray of mist-filled air and leaden clouds,
Gray of barren fields and sleeping streams,
Gray of weathered barns and leaf-stript trees
That makes of earth a couch for Lethean dreams.

And blue and gray their vigil keep—
In blue I wake, in gray I sleep.

NEW YORK —GEORGIA HARKNESS

From a Flute

Pure as the flute he played in the ensemble
Of harp and cello, horn and violin,
In time of April buds the mind would ramble
Along the undulating marsh of Glynn.
And he could fathom Chattahoochee singing,
Breathing the wind of God to set him free
Forever, with a generous sunlight bringing
The keys unlocking immortality.
He kept his troth with music in a clime
All-sensitive to lyrical outburst
Among the orange blossoms and the lime,
Ambrosial nectar for a poet's thirst.
Like love in search of words, the fragile flute
Transmitted music of the Absolute.

ILLINOIS —L. LOGAN KEAN

Lilies-Of-The-Valley

I came upon a miracle
  One morning in the spring—
A little shrine of loveliness,
  A place for worshiping.

On a thread of greenery
  Pearl like pendants swung,
As though between the glossy leaves,
  A rosary were hung.

Acolytes, with pointed sleeves,
  Performed their office there—
I half expected I should find
  The Virgin at her prayer.

WASHINGTON —ORPHA M. GARDNER

Apple Orchard

The angels shook their wings last night and, lo,
This sudden beauty fell upon the trees
Like a fresh bridal gown, or Summer snow
Miraculosly warmed. Blow softly, breeze,
And rumple not too soon, nor rudely stain
This fugitive loveliness, rare with the flush
Of such angelic shapes as have not lain
In passion's lusty arms, lest in a rush
Of homesick ruth it vanish like a cloud
And melt into the meads of Paradise.
O scarcely dare I breathe or talk aloud
Or move my hands or turn away my eyes
For fear by conscious motion, I dispel
What is half-dream or wholly miracle!

MASSACHUSETTS —RALPH MORTIMER JONES

The Orchard on the Hill

As I was walking toward a hill,
I saw a pretty sight—
The orchard trees were little maids
That marched to left and right.

They pirouetted on their toes;
They stretched their young arms out;
Their ruffled skirts of pink and white,
Were softly blown about.

I thought they reached out for the sun,
Golden in the west,
And then I saw that one had caught
A starling to her breast.

WASHINGTON —ORPHA M. GARDNER

April Soon

Soon April will come, with her old ethereal glory
Of furzing bough, and fragrant, blowing rain:
The winter's tale is ended now, we may forget the story:
Come, heart of mine, look up again!
Soon white dogwood will star the dreaming hollows,
Soon white lilacs will breathe upon the dawn;
Once let April find us, beauty swiftly follows;
Oh, heart of mine, another winter's gone!

GEORGIA —CARRIE FALL BENSON

Lavish Spring

How shall I shrive my soul of guilt,
Keep well, "Thou shalt not covet"
When all around lies jonquil gold
O heart we can but love it!

When I see clouds of beauty rise
From apple tree and peach
How can I hush a little cry
For things beyond my reach?

How can I help a wistfullness
That fills my heart with pain
When one so destitute as I
Would sing of silver rain!

COLORADO —JEANETTE SHELLEY

Prodigal

Life like a thistle may be blown to the wind
But sorrow and dew with the morning ascend.

GEORGIA —FANNIE WHITAKER SMITH

Variant

A word may seem indifferently harsh,
Yet prove the crystal medium I need,
To paint a muskrat-haunted, sullen marsh,
Where autocratic waters write their screed.
No singing grace notes will inspire the lip
Intent to sound re-echoed vocallings
Of throaty frogs; the rhythmic slush and drip
A neaptide at its turning, slowly swings.

With life itself our words must quickly shade
From Ophir gold to rush-like bronze and green,
That song may pierce a sun's bright ambuscade,
Or sonnetize where wild marsh grasses lean,
Narcissus-wise, above a pool whose play
On varied tones, word colorings portray.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA —ANNE ROBINSON

Evening Star

I hear the slow-breathing waters
That rise on the shores of night,
Calling my soul's sad daughters,
Who sigh in the grey moonlight.

Beyond the dark mountain's dreaming,
Glows a light that soon must shine
Brighter where the moon lies gleaming
On the shadows' dimming line.

Rarest of the evening's flowers,
Alone in your ardent glow,
Shed fragrance and bright powers
On the way my sad thoughts go.

PENNSYLVANIA —BYRON A. VAZAKAS

Query

Just what is April when you are not with me
To share each lovely wonder April brings,
To weave each day a lace of sun and shadows,
To breathe in rapture when each red-bird sings?

What matter if the Wench does tip her pitcher,
And, seeing, laughs aloud that I may see
Her cataracts of white wistaria
Cascading from a shaggy cedar tree?

ALABAMA —FRANCIS WOODWARD FORNEY

April Shower

Over the fields a sower passes,
Wearing a silver coat,
A limpid strain of music falling
Softly from his strong bright throat.

Soon from the crystal seeds he scatters,
Row on gleaming row,
True to an immemorial magic,
The green of spring will grow.

ILLINOIS —ADELAIDE LOVE

Humorist

Believe the foolish moods of me
That you may better understand
The depths from which I turn to flee
And toss words lightly in your hand.

VIRGINIA —EUGENIE CATHERINE PAUL

Give Me the Patience of the Trees

I lay outstretched in sunlight on brown straw
Plucked by the fingers of the wind from pines
That swayed above. Sadness oppressed my heart,
Fear shrouded my once happy thoughts with gloom—
The future seemed a dark and hidden thing.

And then I looked about me, saw the trees
Their branches lifted like green, tender wings,
Or harps to catch the fragrant, singing wind.
I thought of seedlings cradled in the loam,
And dormant bulbs which lie in quietness,
Content to wait for that command: "Come forth,
Fulfill your destiny!"

And so I cried,
"Give me the hope and patience of the trees
And all Thy growing things, that I may tread
The way that Thou wouldst have me go, my faith
Quickened, my heart thankful and unafraid."

ALABAMA —EDITH TATUM

As You Are . . .

A wild bird caught in mountain lilac,
With quick grey flutterings.
The blue, blue of the lilac flowers
Marks blue shadows on your wings.

Peace! peace! in the mountain bushes:
I reach to break green bands.
The cool grey of empty grasses
Leaves white shadows in my hands.

CALIFORNIA —MARION GOBLE

Osage Song

NEW YEAR SONG IN APRIL

The coming days shall be calm and peaceful;
We have called upon Wakonda* to give peace.
That our people shall flourish.

He will make the days beautiful.
Toward the winds of the rising sun,
Toward the winds of the south,
Toward the winds of the setting sun,
Toward the winds of the land of cedars,
He will make the days calm and peaceful.
He will make the days beautiful;
He will make us free from anger and hatred.

OKLAHOMA —ZOE A. TILGHMAN

*Osage (and other Siouan tribes) name for the Great Spirit.

Prophecy

There is a sequence that outlasts
The anguish of a fearful hour:
As joyous as a swallow's wing
And purple as a passion-flower!
There is a peace transcending gloom,
As sheltered as a cedar-brake
Against a shrieking wind, as calm
And quiet-patterned as a lake
That lies beyond a hill, that owns
No troubled wave; a place where wings
Of timid birds reflect and flash
Into a circling wood that sings.
There is a song for every tear,
And peace against the deepest woes;
There is no seed in forest loam
That cannot conquer winter snows!

ARKANSAS —RICHARD LEON SPAIN

Resurrection

I give the husk
Of day-filled sounds
To the drifting dust of yesterdays.
But at candle time when thoughts grow long,
When the fire and I fend off the dusk,
Souls of the sounds of morning come;
The risen ghosts drift murmuring home,
Making the silence song.

CALIFORNIA FLORENCE BOWEN HULT

Advent

Walking in the solitude
  Of a wooded place
I felt the tears of April
  Upon my upturned face.

The willows softly moved their skirts
  Aside to let me pass.
I saw the feet of April
  Upon the springing grass.

The pine trees murmured secret things,
  The beeches stood at prayer.
I heard the voice of April
  Upon the trembling air.

NEW HAMPSHIRE —MABEL CORNELIA MATSON

Dogwoods

Oh, the beauty of the dogwoods in the canyon,
  Like drifts of winter's snows still lingering there,
Or white-robed virgins lowly bending,
  To kiss the tender fronds of maiden-hair!

OREGON —MABEL MADISON RADER

The Alabaster Box

He sat at Simon's feast—ostensibly
The honored guest, the Master, and the friend:
Yet, undeceived by their hypocrisy,
He knew why they had come—to hear Him fend
With His accusers: priests, who thinly hid
Contempt: proud Pharisees, with hearts unstirred;
Sanhedrin spies—seeking, in all He did,
One overt act, one ill-bespoken word.

And then she came! She whom they would have stoned!
With alabaster box of spikenard rare,
O gift of love for scarlet sins atoned,
And breaking it, she poured upon His hair
Such fragrance as, though portent of the tomb,
Still drifts, immortal, from that hate-filled room!

MICHIGAN —JESSIE WILMORE MURTON

The Green Friend

O, he may talk with hinter folk
And learn the robin's lore,
Who has a green tree for a friend
Growing beside his door.

Bright shade upon his lintel,
Gray birds to chime at noon,
And peering through the darkened boughs,
The wide eyes of the moon.

He shall not fear the tempest,
The warlock or the rain
While leafy fingers tap at eve
Upon his window pane.

He never shall be lonely
In shanty nor in hall
Who has a friend beside his door,
Lovely and green and tall.

CALIFORNIA —BEULAH MAY

Cry From a Hilltop

If this be life, then let me rise to greet it.
If this be life, then give me poise to meet it.
O song of songs, like wind in storm tossed trees
Play on my heart and bring me strength like these.
As branches writhe untrammelled through the skies
Till wrath is spent, and hope that underlies
All things, reveals unhurried calm, so trace
My days across eventful sky. So place
My courage high.

NEW YORK —ANNIE HATCH BOORNAZIAN

The Shadow Weavers

The clouds are building shadows in the gloom.
Their fingers play upon a silent loom
That threads long strands of darkness with a sheen
Of starlight traceries that intervene.
And when the moon ascends her silvered stair
The weavers braid their shadows in her hair.

CALIFORNIA —JOSEPH McDOWELL MATHEWS

Inner Void

To those who see me every day
I'm very well content;
They think I ask no more of life
Than surface joys present.

But only you who share my dreams
Across the barren years,
May know the void within my heart
Which never disappears.

ILLINOIS —HILDA BUTLER FARR

Wind Poem

The wind is writing a poem of unseen curves;
It swings on branches and urges their leafy rhyme;
It stirs the water to preludes of murmuring song
And wakes an old church bell to poignant chime.
Into my heart it creeps and brings the memory
Of times we raced it across the April field,
Or watched it among the violets in the wood
Until you urged my lips and I did yield.
The wind is never through with making poems;
Rousing the winter elms or a summer lake,
It fashions with neither head nor heart to know
What joy and pain it leaves within its wake.

OHIO —AGNES A. PIERSON

Retrospection

When I was young, with much to learn,
I thought myself quite wise.
For I had Love upon my lips,
And Hope behind my eyes.

But many things I've learned since then,
Inside and out of school,
And looking back upon my youth,
I know I was a fool!

Now people sit and listen close
To what I have to say,
For I can sigh and shake my head,
And talk of yesterday.

I grandly prize and treasure
The knowledge I have won.
But. . . Oh. . . to be a fool again . . .
My face turned to the sun!

ARKANSAS —ROSA ZAGNONI MARINONI

This Comes to Me

This comes to me, this must be written down,
Despite hypnoses born of gray routine,
Despite conjectures of the sage and clown—
Why am I here if I am forced to wean
Myself away from all I hold most dear?
Why, when my love seems proved and anchored fast,
Is joy endangered by the constant fear—
This is not permanant, this cannot last!

Oh, seething atoms, oh, tumultous life!
Can I not fix you in a faithful group
Where loved ones bide, and where your clashing strife
Can never wither them nor make them droop?
Thus from despair man finds the needed leaven,
Thus through the ages has been builded Heaven.

GEORGIA —DAISY ARNOLD MAUDE

Flaming Magic

Across a table set for two
We watched the word go by,
And journeyed back across the years.
Do you remember why?

The food remained untouched because
Our souls had starved so long,
And magic hung between us there,
Intagible, but strong.

Across a table set for two
We watched the world go by,
And pitied those prosaic souls—
Until we said goodby.

ILLINOIS —HILDA BUTLER FARR

Quien Sabe?

Heaven's treasures—what are they?
Things that Earth has thrown away,
Dancing feet, and laughter gay,
Lisping rhymes that children pray,
Melodies of yesterday,
Whither vanished—whither vanished,
Who can say?

Heaven's angels—do they tire,
Chanting in celestial choir?
Do they watch, with strange desire,
Struggling flesh, that dares aspire,
Reaching, groping, from the mire
To capture, with rapture,
Forbidden fire?

Voices of glory, echoing still,
And vibrant strings, so quick to thrill
Responsive to the Master's will
In golden waves of sound, that fill
The years—are you but hushed until
Our love regains those far-off strains
Time cannot kill?

MAINE —ELISE FELLOWS WHITE

Azalea in the Smokies

Spring lit
A wavering
Small flame, that soon flared up
Into a blaze that set the world
On fire.

INDIANA —WINONA MONTGOMERY GILLILAND

The Silver Years

The rainbow years,—those blent of shower and shine—
Have vanished; only memory holds their glow.
My glass of youth is emptied; its strong wine
No longer floods these veins; the pulse beats slow.
Yet there is scarce regret that youth must go—
Its raptures are too fleeting to repine—
The grace of quietude will come, I know;
The music of the silence shall be mine.

And so I welcome them, the days that lie
Before me. I shall walk the ways of peace,
With time to love small, kind things once passed by,—
The lasting things that hold when great things cease.
I wait the lengthening shadows, freed from fears,
For God draws closer through the silver years.

TEXAS —BERYL LEESON

Rural Night of Rain

Lean down,
Black mammy of the night,
Over the rural town!
There is the soft thud of rain
On the rooftops,
And the rhythmic drip of rain spouts
In your lullabye.
The little town is a sleeper
Close to your cool breast,
With ears turned to the hush
Of your voice,
Untroubled as a sleeping child
With the south wind
Blowing over its face.
Lean down,
Black mammy of the night.
All children are washed white
In the pool of sleep,
Close to your breast.

INDIANA —J. GRAYSON JEFFRIES

Artist

She never saw a master's work of art,
But she saw beauty on her cabin floor,
In sand-scrubbed boards—hand-hewn and pegged in place,
And in the flowers that bloomed about her door.

She did not know she was an artist when
She spun the carded wool and heard the hum
Of busy wheel. She never, never dreamed
It would be said of her in years to come:

"She must have been an artist in her day!
None but an artist could combine the hues
Found in the lovely coverlets she wove—
Soft pastel shades—bright yellows, reds, and blues."

TENNESSEE —ELIZABETH BUCHHOLTZ

Rewards for Lovers

Who loves the sea
Must know the anguish of frustration
Till he die; for him there can not be
Consumation.

Who loves a hill
May know the very bliss of loving;
No moment of his mood or mind will
Be reproving.

Who loves a river
Knows a love day nor deed can sever;
His is the fairest dream forever
And forever.

NEW JERSEY —CARL JOHN BOSTELMANN

The Lightship

Cut black in sihouette against the dawn.
A lightship rose and fell upon the tide:
Her brilliant eye still flashing there to guide
The mariner off hidden shoals, and warn
Of danger lying under mystery
Of wind and wave beneath a quiet sea,
While from the depths arose the king of morn.
That globe of light, arising from the bed
Of waters gleaming to respondent red—
The birth of dawn enhancing all the deep,
The lightship rocking, freighted down with sleep.

MASSACHUSETTS —G. B. GIERASCH

Locust Tree in the Wind

The wind talks to the locust tree
Tells her of other regions.
She waves long thin hands—
Hands like ferns.
She shakes her bushy head.
She writhes and twists
Through stem and branch and leaf;
She would arise and go
To the place the wind speaks of.
The wind has no pity.
He murmurs on and on
Of verdant valleys bright with the sun,
Of hill-tops crowned
With century-old giants
That look out upon summer seas
Of little joyous leaping waves.
All day the locust tree listens,
Writhing through every atom,
Contorting herself in effort,
And throwing her limbs wildly about.
The wind has no pity.

OKLAHOMA —JULIA BAGGETTE

Maria and the Wind

The wind howls
and people scamper for shelter.

They fear the wind.
Its piercing cries haunt them,
and they cannot shake away their dread.

Only Maria loves the wind.
To her the wind is eternity,
strong and comforting.

On nights when the wind is shrieking
people huddle around the fireplace,
but Maria strolls through wind swept streets,
lifting her face to seep in its strength.
The winds touch is a Gilbraltar.

Maria skips down darkened streets,
glad to twitter at the sting of the wind,
glad that she, the weak one,
can throb with its primitiveness
and its might.

ILLINOIS —FAY SLOBOD

Grandmother's Fan

Her wrinkled fingers fold the wings
Of memories from bygone springs,
Embroidered gold, and ivory tan,
Among the laces of her fan.

And where the strands of night once lay
Upon her hair, a silver play
Of moon light greets the faded plan,
Among the laces of her fan.

The smiles that drift across her eyes,
Are shadowed from the ghosts that rise . . .
Between the faint winds that began
Among the laces of her fan.

FLORIDA —E. ERNEST MURRELL

Green is Kinder

A man and I
Walked down the battlefields of France
Where he had fought.

"God laughs," he said,
"To let the grass grow here.
Grass on graves is—
Damn the grass on graves!" he sobbed.

I thought the grass
Was kind to grow
Where so many boys had died.

GEORGIA —CHARLES GARDNER MILLS

Mirage Will Fade

We gazed across the sands of life
And saw the hours we'd share,
A green oasis fringed with palms
And crystal waters where
The lotus flowers bloomed in peace.
Mirage will fade . . . . . I stand
Alone—with only the burning sun,
With only the desert sand.

NEW YORK LESLIE SAVAGE

Prejudice

Ask me not to praise the sea
Or call its features fair.
Once I loved a singing stream
That found its death-bed there.

OHIO —DORIS GRACEY

The Cypress Tree

(Henry Shaw brought these trees to St. Louis.)

Cypress before my window.
Tall spire in the moonlight,
With foliage delicate as wings
Over rugged shoulders.
Buffeter of winds
Your hands are folded in prayer
As over your head
The storm cloud makes his tent.

MISSOURI —AGNES M. SCHABERG

Dream Vendor

I will barter a thousand dreams
(It is all I have to give)
For a single day of reality,—
A candid day to live.

I will barter a thousand dreams
To any passer-by,
Who grants to me this interval
To live before I die.

MISSISSIPPI —LOLLY WILLIAMS

Reveille

Just now, young April's silver clarion,
Sounds reveille to ranks of jade-tipped spears;
While folded tents of pink and white anon,
Enliven hillsides laved by winter's tears.

ALABAMA —BESS STOUT LAMBERT

Intrinsic Truth

For all the honors which the crowds bestow
I do not care; they do not represent
The things a woman loves and longs for so,
The things which keep her happy and content.
When she puts slippers by an easy chair
And listens tense for footsteps down below
When someone comes and gently pats her hair
She feels a thrill the world will never know.

ALABAMA —MAUDE HARDY ARNOLD

Bitter-Sweet

The bitter cup must be drained dry
Before the sweet is tasted—
The dregs of unforgotten things
Be drunk, nor counted wasted!

TENNESSEE —LILLIAN KININGHAM NELSON

Thoughts of You

(From "Chimes of Oglethorpe.")

Whenever the rain comes down, I know
There is blue in the sky, somewhere, and so
I follow the path life leads me to—
With a thousand beautiful thoughts of you.

"I Believe in the Resurrection"

If they should bury me, sweetheart,
  Ten thousand miles away,
My dust would not be satisfied
  Until there came a day
When every particle of me
  Took flight on wind or wave
Not heeding any other dust
  This side your grave.

GEORGIA —WIGHTMAN F. MELTON

The Golden Coin

When I have spent this sunrise hour, and doled
This yellow coin of youth that buys for me
First-love, delight and beauty, lavishly—
This golden coin for which all joys are sold
That young and eager-lifted hands may hold:
All joys of flesh and soul . . . of earth and sea . . .
Shall I be left in darkened penury,
When I have spent my sunrise and my gold?

Will happiness be past, the spending done,
Or will the joys that I have bought, remain?
Shall love be still the light of life, its sun,
Although the fires of early rapture wane?
Who knows! I'll buy me candles, one by one,
And burn them when there come the nights of rain!

FLORIDA —AGNES KENDRICK GRAY

To An Elm In Winter

Oh, elm that stands against the wintry sky,
How beautiful your form! Your matchless grace
Is like a dancer's, lightly poised in place,
With flowing lines of arms extended high.
Your sturdy strength and vigor underlie
Frail daintiness; your slender branches trace
A filmy pattern, fine as fragile lace;
Beauty like yours, in truth, can never die!
And though withdrawn, aloof, you seem to be,
Perennial life lies hidden in your heart;
Unseen, the birds and summer leaves are there,
And muted music's unheard melody,
And poignant memories that prick and start,
Such as a warm wind singing in your hair!

OREGON —LULA PIPER AIKEN

NINE MAGIC FEET

WAITING

Underneath
The snow,
The crocus
Slumbers,
Peacefully,
Waiting for Spring
And the call
Of the
Red bird.

Missouri —Laura Hoagland Pierce

REDBIRD

Caroling
Redbird
In robes
Of beauty,
Are you
Singing hymns
To your God
As you
Sway on that bough?

Missouri—Mrytle Wright Gililland

WINTER CARDINAL

Red and grey
You sit
And twitter
Joyously,
Lending
Color and charm
While you feast
On the
Dry seeds.

Missouri —Florence Davison

MONOTONE

The rain
Patters
Quietly
On my roof,
Like fingers
Drumming tunes
Deep in the heart
Of a
Wild-wood.

Missouri —LeRoy H. Kelsey

THESE LOVELY THINGS

A shell
Of rose and
Amber,
Children at play,
Stars in the
Night sky,
And the
Golden years
Of our youth.

Missouri —Blanche M. Stevenson

BUTERFLIES

To my
Delight,
Gauze-winged
Butterflies,
Poising
In rhythm,
Mimic the leaves
Shimering
In the sun.

Missouri —Charlotte M. Roberts

STORM SWEPT

Look up
To the hills!
See the pines
Battle
Turbulent storms,
Yet tower
Sturdily
To the
Pale sky.

Kansas
Alberta McMahon Sherwin

HERALDRY

Limned on a field
Azure,
The cresent
Spills a star,
In an old
Heraldry
For the
Bright seal
Of God

Missouri —Yetza Gillespie

CASTLES

I shall build
Anew,
My shattered
Hopes, for the
Future;
And I shall dream
Of the heights
To be
My goal.

Missouri —*Hope Hargrave*

GOD'S WAY

Life is
Spun of a
Tangled thread,
And a heart
Is used for
A loom
Where the
Master of Men
Guides all.

Georgia —*Maybelle Mayne Porter*

A MEDLEY

In a life's
Rhapsody
Tunes have
A varied
Refrain,
Joy and zest
Changing to taps
As the
Years wane.

Texas —*Byrd Friend*

JEALOUSY

Lilacs
Spray the spring air
With their
Purple scent
While the sun
Looks on
Jealously,
Caressing
Cool earth.

Missouri —*Florence McKean*

FULL-BLOWN ROSE

Happiness
Is a rose,
Full-blown,
In the
Garden of love,
Spreading
Its joy,
Like fragrance,
Over all.

Missouri —*Florence McKean*

Beauty

Beauty
Is a
Florescent
Sun-beam
Lifting a
Saddened heart
From the path
Darkened by shades
Of Night.

Missouri —*Ernest N. Brown*

Eternity

Till I was three score-ten,
It blinded me,—
A shadow which was known
As chemic clay.
Then lo! I closed my eyes
And looked away
To peaks aflame with gold
That challenged me,
When golden wings were mine
And liberty.
Then I arose
To soar God's golden day,
And saw inscribed on high,
Eternity.

Missouri —*John Milton Smither*

One Thing Learned

I shall not care
If, on another sphere,
Small trace remain
Of wisdom garnered here

I shall not grieve
If I, perhaps, forget
Old wrongs, old wounds,
Old reasons for regret.

Just one thing learned
I pray that I may keep—
Through each new birth,
Beyond each final sleep

Still let me dare
To hold joy to my heart,
Unquestioning
What time it may depart

Ohio —*B. Y. Williams*

Wind Through Trees

I

North breezes rakishly
Rustle the aspens;
Cool them as freshet stream
Ripple my fingers.

II

Rush through me, Wind!
Let your breath sweep along
Harp-like caressing me
Tune me to song.

New Jersey —*Plowden Kernan*

Elinor Wylie

Thoughts as white
As the breasts of gulls,
Behind your
Sculptured syllables.

Words shimmering
As the sun on snow
And clean cut
As a cameo.

New York
—*Alexander Hynd-Lindsay*

Spring

I watched the spring
Come over the hills.
I saw arbutus
And daffodils.

Black eyed susans,
Saucy and gay,
Tossed their heads
In a happy way.

The sun was warm
First time in days,
My heart responded
In many ways:

New hopes to hold!
New plans to thrill!
What joy to watch
Spring climb a hill!

California
—*Florence Wightman Rowland*

Children of Earth

We have strayed from the soil
And the bounties she yields,
We have learned to recoil
From the silence of fields,

We are glib in the skills
That are rootless and swift,
In the highways and mills
We are reeling adrift.

But today we stand shorn
Of our fictions of worth;
For the fruits she has borne
We give thanks to the earth.

New York —*Pauline Felix Geffen*

April

Petulently April broods;—
Laughter, then a sigh.
Tender little demi-moods
Flung across the sky.

Mississippi —*Lolly Williams*

Blue Heron

Over the wall
Plum blossoms fell like snow
Into the silver lake,—
Where a blue heron
Dozed on slender legs,
In the cool shallow water:
While the fragrant petals
Like little boats,
Hurried down-stream
To distant harbors.

Pennsylvania —*Marion E. Thorpe*

Awe

Alone . . .
Beauty too great
For me to comprehend
Is mine to see—instead I know
Suspense . . .

Mountains

Mountains
Are so aloof—
Granite tranquility.
So shall I be when I am wise
And old.

Silence

So still
That when a deer
Drinks from a hidden pool,
A timid shadow . . . the forest
Listens.

Wyoming —*Mardo Abbott*

Song of the Road

I could go on like this
For all my days;
Walking this woodland path,
Its winding ways.

Just looking up at times
To rest my eyes
From tangled twigs of green
To quiet skies.

I could go on and on
In solemn beat
Of just the crunching noise
Beneath my feet.

To wander on the earth
As river do
And find my sea and rest
When I am through.

New York —*Ignace M. Ingianni*

Trees

THORN

Your cruel points,
once braided into a crown,
are kind now—
guarding a thrush's nest.

HEMLOCK

You whisper
in nonchalant syllables
strange, ancient things,
in an alien tongue
I shall never understand.

WILLOW

In your thousand corridors,
green and gold and silver,
all the little breezes falter,
and lose their way,
and hush their murmuring,
and fall asleep.

New York —*Charles Ballard*

Rapture

Mystic beauty
From this earth apart
Calling my Spirit
Haunting my heart
When the moon rides high
In the sky at eve
In the song of an Artist
So close I grieve
Ecstasy, fleeting
Exalting this clod
Does my Soul remember
And long—for God?

Georgia —*Margaret Druiff*

Night is a Friend

Night is a friend;
The darkness is kind
To a world-weary heart,
And a questioning mind.

Night is a friend
Who is clement and just-
Asking no question,
And guarding my trust.

Night is a friend
To whom I may turn
When day steps aside
In cold unconcern.

Iowa —*Elenore Lee White*

The Doldrums

A lazy sail
Beneath an idle sky,
A silver sea,
And not a ripple nigh.
One blazing sun!
A strange mirage on high,
Dripless sweat,
And not a thing goes by!

New York —*John Harsen Rhoades*

Snow-Flakes

Heaven-sent and countless as
the stars
God's greetings fill the air
To tell us, who forget Him,
That He is everywhere.

Georgia and New York
—*Elizabeth Merritt*

Flight

No need, no need
If I were a bird
To fold my thought
In a weary word!

My dear, my sweet,
What is my shame
That I must spell
Your crystal name?

Oh, if I were a bird
My love would fly
On wings of light
Through an April sky!

Washington —*Jane Morrill*

Youth

The world
Awaits the touch
Of mastercraftsman's art;
I give the beauty of the spring
My heart.

Illinoise —*Mary Ernestine Clark*

The Leaves

Sweet symphonies of life and love
The leaves
Are trees' fingers
Playing on the Wind's harp
For us.

Indiana —*Daisy Moore Bynum*

For This Vase

Today is a rose,
Wilting into yesterday;
Tomorrow, a new bud!

Arkansas —*Annette B. Harley*

Jack Frost

Jack Frost
Tints the leaves
Of the trees
To crimson, and gold
Then he darts
Back to his lair
For a
Long nap.

Missouri —*Mary Emory George*

Elegy

If I had a passion flower
I might wear
It in my hair . . . . . .
If I wear one
In my heart
Let no one know
When the petals blow
Apart.

Georgia —*Judy Pope*

Miniature

Since there were no waters
Lapping at my feet,
I made a little garden pool,
Smooth and neat.

It held no panorama
Of moon and stars and tree,
But floating near the lily pads
One star smiled up at me.

Georgia

Grace Woodward Howard

Annual Trilogy

FOR THIS HER HOUR
Once more the great heart throbs
With quickening birth. . .
Below her winter-wounded breast—
Snow-washed for hallowed duty,
She cherished warm each spark of life-
Has waited long in sweet unrest
For God's appointed time. . . To vivify
His earthborn gifts of fruit and beauty.

TO YOU O EARTH. . .
For Earth's travail. . .to dip your wings
In glad salute!—Bespeak of heaven
Each timely aid for these newborn?
And urge, do urge, storm-driven souls
To draw from God's rich Annual Trust
High, resolute Faith in self, and toil
For their life's wholesome leaven!

SPIRIT OF SPRING .... You hover near
And Spirit-of-Spring, the World Salutes!
Exulting in your power. . . .
O hasten now, God's message leave
With Man. Each plant and flower.
Unshroud the earth of brumal death
To clothe in living greenery.
All things await His Sovereign Touch!
Through your exalted heraldry.

OKLAHOMA —DORA TREES

Tragedy

It is natural
For the heart to be silent
In winter; but oh,
To watch spring's opening buds
And have no answering song.

INDIANA —MARGARET E. BRUNER

In Memory of Mary Sixkiller Holt*

Each April I go back,
Back through the springs of yesterday,
Back through the summers of long ago;
I walk once more up a garden path
Beat smooth by children's feet,
Call a loved name and see a glad face;
A figure straightens from bending low,
Low over the hyacinths;
Glad with the gladness I see no more,
She welcomes me.
O dear, brave, loving spirit,
In that far country where you had to go,
Are there, as here, paths beaten smooth
By numberless small feet;
And do your patient tireless hands
Bind up the wounds, and teach again to grow
Bridal wreath, yellow rose, narcissus, and bleeding heart,
Moss rose and trumpet vine, syringa and golden bell?

OKLAHOMA —JULIA BAGGETTE

* Mary Sixkiller, native North Georgia Cherokee Indian, was the grandmother of Julia Baggette.

Fawn of the Forest

Fawn of the forest in later spring
When even the grass goes wondering,
When forest and field are a sea-green flame,
A vibrant beauty no words can name.

When even hepaticas, fast asleep,
Are cradled awake in the spring winds' sweep,
When only the oaks are stark-eyed, dumb,
Still unawakened, silent, numb.

Then, velvety soft as a dappled deer
And bright with the bloom of a fawn's first year,
Far through the forest glows velvet red
The budding horns on the young oak's head.

INDIANA —EDITH LOMBARD SQUIRES

THE EDITOR'S SALON

(Continued From Page Two)

ed to his heart when, leaving his Savannah home, a few weeks before, he looked back and saw his mother waving him goodby.

Poetry is life. The lyric, the higest type of poetry, is a cry of life. At one time or another we all live poetry. If we live it, why not write it?

Here are the seven ages of man, in terms of the lyric: (1) "By O baby bunting, daddy's gone a-hunting;" (2) "Hey-diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle;" (3) "Roses red and violets blue, sugar's sweet and so are you;" (4) "Drink to me only with thine eyes;" (5) "Home, sweet home;" (6) "Darling, I am growing old;" (7) "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

* * * *

Has it occured to us that words sometimes dance, or even jazz? Bliss Perry says, "A poem does not come into full being until the words begin to dance: mere ideas and words are not poetry, but only part of the material for poetry."

Dr. Joseph Jacobs, in an interesting and scholarly paper on "Burns' Loves and Love Songs" dedicated to the Burns Club of Atlanta, says that Burns' poems, which were written while he was warmly wooing the object of his affection, are "joyous, rapturious, sprightly and dancing."

We sit and listen to the ticking of the clock, and it seems to say, "Tick-tock, tick-tock," but does it? If an old fashioned clock was not placed in a perpendicular position, and the pendulum swinging to the left said "tick", and to the right said "tock", the clock soon stopped.

Human beings are instinctively "timers" or "stressers". Influenced by the rhythmic heart-beat, and with a natural aversion to monotony, we make the clock say "tick-tock," when, in fact, it really says either "tick-tick" or "tock-tock."

It is this inherent sense of rhythm that has given to humanity, the world over, the arts of music, poetry and dancing. There may be a jagged music of anger or wrath; but music which is expressive of grief or gladness is usually rhythmic. Words are used to express every

thought, feeling and emotion; but the most rhythmic words are those which sing or tell of joy or sorrow. It is rhythm of the gladsome exercise known as dancing which distinguishes it from wild cavorting.

Who has not heard the rhythm of the wheels of a moving train and converted it into some such song as: "I'm a-goin' home; I'm a-goin' home; come on chillun, I'm a-goin' home?" or the wheels may have seemed to say: "Punch that ticket, punch with care, punch in the presence of the passenger."

And in the world of nature—that "various language" is usually rhythmic: the breaking of the waves on the cold gray stones; and the wind-words, sweet and low—except Shelley's wild west wind which has a rhythmic grandeur all its own.

What of words jazzing? Because of the popularity of syncopated music, we have heard of the "Jazz Age"; and we can but wonder if those who object to jazz music are aware that we jazz when we walk and jazz when we talk and jazz when we eat or drink, that we even jazz when we criticize jazz, and jazz when we think we think.

The sober grandsire who says "comin' an' goin' "; the sedate scholar who speaks of "symbology", and any one who says, "Please pass the Wooster sauce" (meaning Worcestershire), is jazzing without being aware of it; for jazz means nothing more than either shortening or lengthening a note, a word, a step, etc.

It may surprise one to note that Browning's "Epilogue to Asolando" is jazz poetry:

"At the midnight in the silence of the sleep time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so—
Pity me?

Paul Lawrence Dunbar's words fairly quit the cabin floor and take wing: "When Miss Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line." And when we meet such words as the following, about all we can do is to pat the foot and let them pass:

The girls played chick-ee-mi-crany-crow,
And always seemed to enjoy it so;
But you had to be just still as a mouse
When gran'pap passed by the cottonseed house.

The name jazz is comparatively new. The fact of jazz is as old as human thought, expression and movement. Would it be wicked to wonder if David may not have syncopated a few steps when he "danced before the Lord with all his might?" Notice, please, he danced "with all his might," and that is what the jazz musicians, the jazz poets and the jazz critcs seem to be doing.

The tone or tune of a poem is so much an essential part of it, that the best way to test its technical correctness is to read it aloud—and properly.

BOZART-CONTEMPORARY VERSE is not ultra-conservative. We like real poetry—spontaneous and original—in form and rhythm to suit the theme. We agree with Edith Tatum, who, in a personal letter says: "I think technique in verse is necessary, but I do not care for a poem to be ultra-polished—polished and worked over until it is thin and brittle and perfect is form—at the expense of its first soul —its real soul, its original appeal, the thing that urged it into being." And then she adds: "Perhaps I am wrong?" Is she?

If you have a thing to say, say it; say it in your own way; but please do not expect us to publish a poem that begins with, "Life, I hate you!" and grows in bitterness to a remote and solemn conclusion.

If you have a song to sing, sing it; sing it in your own way; and and if you should happen to strike a new note, we will joyfully join you in eager anticipation of the applause of an appreciative world.

Visiting The Makers

WITH

BEN MUSSER

The "Handy Rhymer," the device about which I wrote you last issue, is now on the market, for sale at Brentano's and numerous other shops, or it can be ordered direct from its inventer, sending 25 cents in stamps to Abraham Chasanow, 708 18th St., N. W., Washington, D. C. If your bookshop man or stationer does not know of this unique invention, please give him the inventer's name and address. —*Bozart* friends, in particular those who live near headquarters, will be interested in this paragraph which I quote verbatim from the Jan.-Feb. issue of *The Poetry Review*, London:

"American members (of the Poetry soc. of England) and especially several who claim descent from the founder of Georgia, will be interested to hear that Town House, Haslemere, is in the market. It was the home of General Oglethorpe, who was for thirty years in the middle of the eighteenth century M. P. for the borough. A friend of Johnson and Pope, and associated with the Wesleys, he was a pioneer in a movement for the abolition of imprisonment for debt. He colonized Georgia expressly as a settlement for paupers, and from the outset prohibited slavery. The State of Georgia recently presented Oglethorpe's portrait to his old college, Corpus Christi, Oxford," (Editor's Note.—The portrait referred to was presented by Oglethorpe University, in behalf of the commonwealth and the people of Georgia.)

Another blow for Dixie. Edna Thomas says South songs simply aren't! Most of the songs heard on radio today that are supposedly Southern in origin are actually nothing of the kind, according to Edna Thomas, who is styled Louisiana's "Ambassadress of Song," and who is said to be recognized as a foremost authority on the Southern musical idiom, and who is giving a new series of recitals on the air. Miss Thomas, whose collection of Southern music includes Louisiana "ballits," crelote dances, market cries and slave songs native in origin, will play a "tune detective" and "expose" many of the lays that, it is claimed, came from no further South than Tin Pan Alley. Well, being a professional Southerner myself, I think Edna's all wrong, and even if I believed she was right, I'd still believe she is wrong.

Horace J. Losh whose reprint column, "Poet-Craft," appears in the New Canaan, Conn., *Advertiser*, continues to give his radio poetry readings over WBBC on Sundays at 3:30. He frequently has a guest

poet read also, and answers a question about poetry. Miss Theda Kenyon was a recent guest. —*Better Verse* (Akeley, Minn.) no longer pays for contributions, but has cash and book prizes. —Louis Ginsberg is poetry editor of a new fort-nightly, *Metropolis*, of the *New Yorker* smarty type. The periodical pays a little for verse. Address 45 Clinton Street, Newark, N. J. —Ralph Cheyney is reviewing for Harold Carew's page in the Pasadena *Post and Star News*. —*Silhouettes* (303 Rosewood Court, Ontario, Calif.) announces a contest for the Carolyn Hamilton Prize. As garden designer and painter Mrs. Hamilton is offering one of her oil paintings of floral arrangement for the best unpublished poem on flowers, sent to *Silhouettes* before June 15th. —*Warp and Woof*, same address as above, offers a copy of the California anthology *Land of Gold* as a fist award, and a subscription for *Silhouettes* as second prize, for the two best papers on "Poetry as an Audible Art." Closing date June 15th; entries must be typewritten. —*Silhouettes* and *Five* have merged, made indissolubly one as are their editors, Mr. and Mrs. (Margaret Scott Copeland) James Neill Northe. We shall miss the individuality of *Five*, which during its year as a separate entity was one of the most discriminating and fine of the smaller verse magazines. —A bi-monthly of prose and verse has come to my desk, *The New Tide* (Box 1989, Hollywood, Calif.), edited by Carl Bulosan. —C. B. McCallister announces that the new address of *The Lantern* is Apt. 19, 62 Montague St., Brooklyn, N. Y. From there, in peace and quiet, "we look over at the towers of Manhattan."

The Poet Laureate League, Inc. is hoping to purchase the once-famous "Gapland," in the Blue Ridge, about 60 miles northwest of Washington, and restore the now mouldering ruins as a monument to their builder, George Alfred Townsend, author, poet, newspaper man asd lecturer, and as a retreat for the literati. The property consists of about 140 acres with two stone houses in partially livable condition. It can be bought today for $10,000 with only $500 down and ten years in which to pay the balance. All eager to contribute to this good cause, or to suggest ways of raising the small first outlay, are urged to write to the League's president, Earl A. Cuevas, 310 Southern Bldg., Washington, D. C.—With James Cabelle as president, there has been organized, at 294 Park Ave., Paterson, N. J., The Chaucer Guild., a group of poets and those interested in poetry, of all ages. Non- Patersonians are welcome to membership. All interested write the secretary, Leon

Rossmer, for Particulars. —Several of the Smith College Rhyme Sheet poets have been broadcasting selections of their verse on the Rhymes and Cadences program presented by Station WBZA in Springfield, Mass. The Rhyme Sheets were introduced to Smith campus in December by the class in creative writing, conducted by the poet David Morton, Professor of English at Amherst and visiting professor at Smith. They are a revival of a sixteenth and seventeenth century custom, when poems were commonly published on slips of paper, 8 by 11 inches in size, with appropiate illustrations at the top and bottom of the page. Only one poem appeared on a sheet. The Rhyme Sheets at Smith are issued several times a month.

The alliance of Poetry and Music has never wavered. Of late composers are emphasizing this wedding by giving orchestral setting to favorite lyrics. Most of us have been thus honored. Some composers have gone back over the centuries for their material, as witness a musical setting by young Charles Cohen for "Alas, that Spring Should Vanish with the Rose," words from Omar's *Rubaiyat* (Galaxy Music Corp., 2 East 46th St., N.Y.C.); but the same Mr. Cohen has put verses by Mary Sinton Leitch, Louis Ginsberg, Nancy Telfair and others to singable music. Charles Howard Marsh and James Neill Northe and Magda Brandon are both poets and composers; Elmo Russ's recitals under Henry Harrison's management are becoming famous—and deserve their fame.

Edith Mirick's *These Twinkling Acres* (Kaleidograph Press) should be out by this time. Mrs. Mirick has semi-adopted a boy of 17 and is putting him through business college in Washington. —Dom Placid is growing a beard.—Antoinette Scudder, who as you may recall, launched *The Spinners* as a woman's verse magazine partly to refute a passing remark of mine, nevertheless was my guest at tea the other day. Later she remarked that the next issue of her magazine will contain a terriffic broadside against me, though not mentioning my name. Perhaps the tea was bitter? Anyway, she's a swell al and I like her. By the way, she has eleven dramas in the making. —C. J. Burger, of Washington, Mo., is selecting and mailing without charge a poetry reprint column to more than forty newspapers each month. —Ruth Thomason Saunders (Box 26, Claremont, Calif.) is prepared to lecture in the East on "Modern Tendencies in Book-making," "Value of a Bookplate for Owner and Collector," and "The Book: from Manuscript to Dust Jacket."

The Saunders Studio Press, same address, is issuing a series of *Patron Saints of California*, charming little brochures, illustrated, each 30 cents postpaid. Two have thus far appeared, *Santa Barbara* and *San Antonio de Padua*. —Poetry has lost two sincere servitors in the recent death of Judge John Jerome Rooney, a founder of the Poetry Society of America, and Arthur Truman Merrill, of Glendale, Calif., whom so many of us were happy to count as our friend. God rest them.

PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

THREE CORNERED TUNE by Anita Austerman, Aleda Norma Davis, E. Ernest Murrell. (The Galleon Press, New York)

The voices of three women poets are blended in this unique volume of verse. Some of the lyrics are well wrought and several original verseforms are noted. Vivian Yeiser Laramore, to whom the book is dedicated and who has written the foreword says:

"I heard three women singing tenderly,
Their woven words a shining tapestry
To hang upon the mellow wall of time;
The heart of each immortalized in rhyme."

THE ANTHOLOGY OF THE VERSE WRITER'S GUILD, Columbus, Ohio. (Otto Ernest Rayburn, Publisher, Sulphur Springs, Texas.)

This is a slim, but attractive brochure, with "beauty" for theme song. The Guild presents its second publication by the group which was organized in 1928.

One of the most pleasing inclusions is "Give Me Strong Wings," by Virginia Eaton, which is quoted:

"Oh give my courage wings, like wild geese flying
In arrowed wedge against a far flung sky;
In patience wait when little things are trying
And keep the flame of faith clear, white and high.
Let dead dreams fall—stir my heart to new dreaming—
The past forgotten, open my dulled ears
To newer symphonies. With strong wings gleaming
Let me rise to the challenge of the years."

BLOWN LEAVES AND PETALS—by Gertie Stewart Phillips, Kaleidograph Press, Dallas, Texas—$2.50)

In this first book of poems, Mrs. Phillips sings with lyrical grace of nature and the human heart. There is both color and vivacity in her lilting lines, with promise of increasing strength and depth. "Prescience" is a typical example:

"When God made bowers He was glad,
How else this bed of laughing phlox,
Or this exquisite vine, moon-mad,
Against a will of lichened rocks?

I wonder when He made the trees
In their green loveliness, if He
Was grieved in knowing one of these
Would be a cross on Calvary?

OUT OF THE NIGHT—by Georgia Boit Gierasch, (Cabin in the Pines Press, Akeley, Minnesota).

This small volume is made up of an interesting collection of poems on a variety of themes. There is a freshness of treatment here which leads us to want to see more of this poet's work. Her title poem is one of the best in the book.

I PRAY YOU, LAPIDARY—by Hala Jean Hammond, Caxton Printers, Ltd. Caldwell, Idaho. ($1.50)

In these sixty-eight finely wroght sonnets, individual lines catch the reader's fancy because of their sheer beauty and intensity. The author's dedicatory quatrain from which the title is derived is noteworthy:

"I pray you, Lapidary, let me be
Of all unsung—the minstrelsy;
Of brazen skies, the aching drouth;
Of all unblest, the trenchant mouth."

PENCILLED HANDS, by H. Nelson Hooven (Henry Harrison, New York; $1.50. A collection of 54 brief, meditative poems. The author has captured the fine art of suggesting more than he says.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY—by Marie Tello Phillips, The Observer Publishing Company, Pittsburg, Pa.

A wealth of material has been amassed in this volume of miscellaneous collection of essays, reviews and critical articles on both poetry and prose practice. The author is in private life Mrs. Charles J. Yaegle, a Vice President of the Poetry Society of Great Britain and America, and prominently identified with all the leading literary organizations in this country. She is the author of books of poetry and books about poetry, a novelist and short-story writer, and her many admirers will welcome this latest contribution from her gifted pen.

LOLLY-POP PEOPLE, by Lewis Flint (Poetry Publishers, 529 Gallowhill St., Philadelphia; $2.00). Having read and thoroughly enjoyed Lewis Flint—another Eugene Field come to town—I can do no better than to give and endorse the publisher's statement.

"Lewis Flint's early boyhood was spent in the home of his grandfather, a Congregational minister who had an unusual love of both poetry and children. Now, with the passing of the years, some measure of this early influence finds expression in the present volume of poems about children. . . . There is so much that is universal in the thoughts and actions of children everywhere that you will find Mr. Flint has described your children-of the past, present or future—with the same accuracy, unpretentiousness, originality and humor which give distinction to his earlier work—'Bobolinks'.

EAST END, WEST END, by Antionette Scudder (Henry Harrison, 430 Sixth Avenue, New York; $1.00). The author has so faithfully reproduced the atmosphere of her locality that her imagined characters become real. I think I should recognize Sara Howland, Alicia Wayland, Hervey Merold, Melanie Vincent, Miss Parmelia Barton, Tony Silva and his wife, Mary; Deacon Milbury, Judith Varley, Matilda Wynne, Miss Ruth Bayliss, Miss Desire Ledway, and all the others. Congratuiatnios, Antionette Scudder and Henry Harrison.

PLUMES OF SONG, by Angela Lusk (Henry Harrison, New York; $1.25). The Legislature of the State of Florida should give a vote of thanks to Ralph Cheney and Lucia Trent for their lovely "Foreword" to Angela Lusk's "Plumes of Song," and the vote should in-

clude the author of the poems, many of which are almost as beautiful as the author's name—Angela. "Plumes from Palmland," the second section of the book, should be preserved in Florida's Department of Archives and History.

On A Pine Tree

(In a City Lot)

Alone, and all its brothers felled and dead
These many years, it stares with limbs of green
Wide-branching in the city's walled ravine,
The last gnarled remnant of an order fled!
Above, the tiered apartment towers spread
Like gray brick palisades; while, all unseen,
It hears the buzz of many a rushed machine,
And feet that patter past with clattering tread.

Oh, does it yearn for silence, and the drift
Of soft snow-magic? for the thrush whose song
Piped in its leaves, and spring's white petalled birth?
And does it dream that, as the centuries shift,
Fierce man shall pass, and, righting the old wrong,
Pine-garments shall redecorate the earth?

CALIFORNIA —STANTON A. COBLENTZ

FOREST JOKERS

The trees are teasing me today
Because my leaves fall off to stay
While theirs come back bright, fresh and new
As everybody's ought to do.

GEORGIA —WIGHTMAN F. MELTON

Plan for Awarding the Bi-Monthly "Ernest Hartsock Memorial Prize" ($25.00)

To enable us to find out the type of verse the readers of this magazine like best, and to relieve the editor of the necessity of rendering a one-man decision, or of securing other judges, a detachable ballot is provided (see inside cover page). Please fill out this ballot and mail it to the editor not later than May 25. (The favor will be greatly appreciated if you kindly send with your ballot, the names and addresses of friends who are interested in poetry).

The Policy of This Magazine

We are pleased to consider real poems of any type whatsoever—usually not over 32 lines. We do not pay for individual poems, but we offer a number of substantial and attractive prizes.

Those who have manuscripts to submit would do well, first, to become familiar with the magazine. All manuscripts must be accompanied by stamps, or stamped, addressed return envelope.

The editor is especially pleased to discover new poets; he regrets, however, that he cannot undertake to criticize—gratis—any poems except those accepted for publication in this magazine.

PRIZES AWARDED

The "Hartsock Memorial Prize", for the best poem in the January-February issue, has been awarded to four contributors who will each receive one-fourth of the prize. The winners are: Agnes Kendrick Gray, Daytona, Florida, for *A Canticle of the Sea;* Mary Louise Dewson, of Decatur, Georgia, for *Violin;* Anna M. Priestley, of Washington, D. C., for *Calendar;* and Nell E. Mabey, of Minnesota, for *Rondeau: The Cradle.* The second choice is *Star-Driftage,* by Myrtle Adams. Third place is shared by Muriel Jeffries Hurd, Alfred T. Hind and Laura Bailey Cumming. Others to receive highly complimentary votes are: Helen Carson Jenssen, Ethel King, Edwin C. Litsey, Adelaide Love, Anne Robinson, Arthur Milton Pope, Reba Maxwell Avery, Helen V. Drum, Will D. Muse, Elizabeth S. Stokes and Kathleen Sutton.

Editor Adrian Huffman awards ATONEMENT'S OFFERINGS to Marjorie Avalon, for *Memorabilia,* in the January-February issue; and to Myrtle Adams, for *Star-Driftage,* in the January-February issue.

The "Nine Magic Feet" poems, in eight point type (pages 30 and 31), are entered in the John Milton Smithers contest. This contest will be renewed in the May-June issue.

Major cash prizes, offered in Vol. VII, will be awarded as soon as the MANY poems can be judged.

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